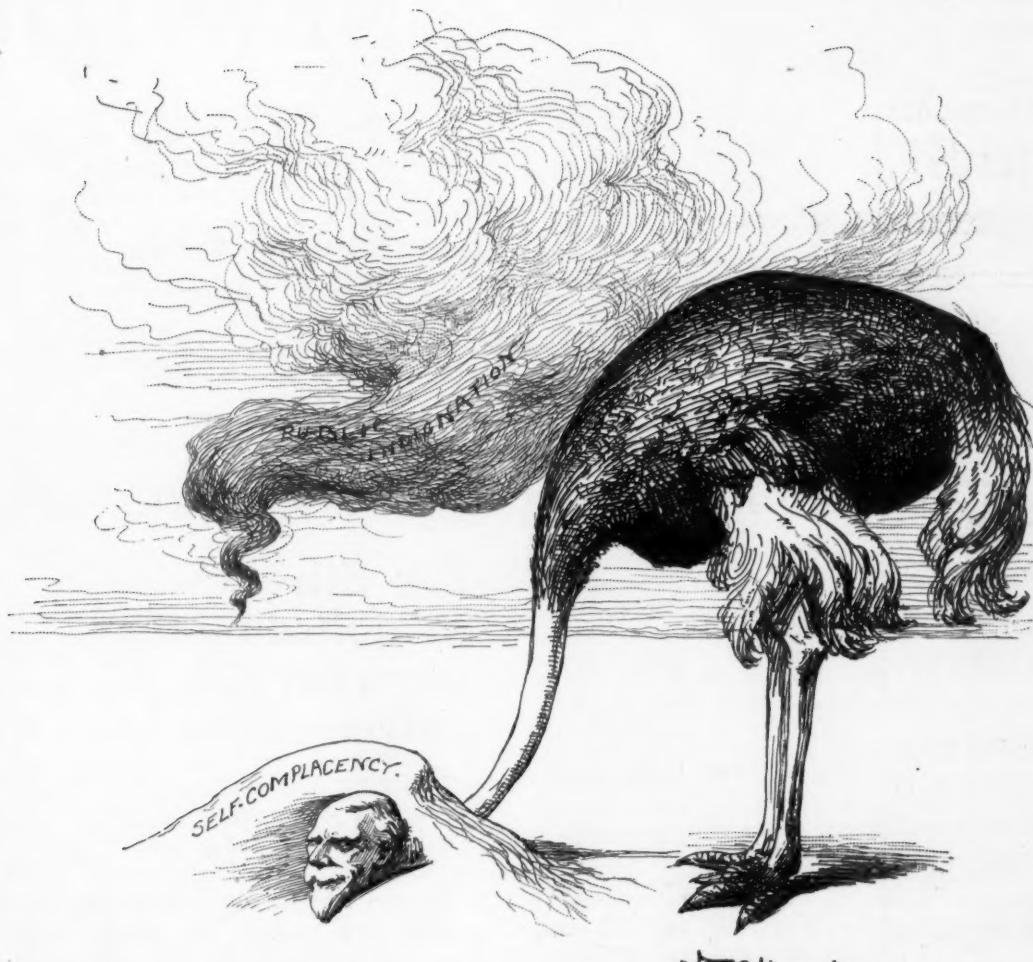


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LIFE

Sanctum Talks.

"GOOD morning, LIFE."

"Good morning, Colonel Astor; I am glad to see you back."

"Thank you."

"You have done well."

"I have done what little I could."

"You have not only given of your time and money to the country, but you put yourself to considerable personal in-



convenience to prove yourself a solid patriot."

"It is very good of you to say so, LIFE."

"Moreover, you have not only taken your share of hardship, but you have put your hide in danger."

"No more than thousands of others."

"Perhaps not, but who could do more? And yet, Colonel John Jacob Astor, you have not done enough. You have not yet atoned."

"Atoned! For what?"

"For being a millionaire."

"But, LIFE, it certainly is no sin to be a millionaire!"

"Not a sin, perhaps, but a serious offense."

"Against whom?"

"Against all who are not millionaires. You certainly have not failed to observe

that every action of a Dives is freely criticised when the corresponding action of a less opulent brother is passed without comment?"

"Indeed I have observed it, and often! What is the cause?"

"Envy, my dear boy. There is nothing more unforgiving than envy. So do not flatter yourself that your atonement is complete. You have not effaced the stigma."

"But what more could I have done?"

"You could have been shot to pieces; or you could have died of starvation and exposure."

"But that would not have altered my character."

"No; but it would have modified the envy."

"I see. But what can I do now?"

"Live it down. Live down those millions. Let your countrymen see that beneath the vile dishonor of a splendid fortune a man may still be honest."

"But will the masses believe it?"

"Never!"

"Then there is no hope? No possible chance of my being forgiven?"

"None whatever."

"That is bad."

"Yes; but you have one consolation."

"And that?"

"Is the consciousness that LIFE respects you for being a good American."

"Which is better than monuments! No praise from whatever source could—"

"Spare my blushes, Colonel, and hurry away, for we are getting to the end of this column."

"Well, good by, LIFE."

"Good by, Colonel Astor."



"While there is Life there's Hope."
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IT is a perplexing year for the hard-money Democrats in New York State who are opposed to boss-rule. The Democratic Convention made a bid for their votes by refusing to endorse the Chicago platform. Mr. Croker made a bid for their votes by nominating an able and respectable man for Governor. Yet, if they vote for Judge Van Wyck they vote for Crokerism, and sustain the despotic control of the Democratic party in New York State by an autocrat. Government by Croker is as far from being popular government as could well be imagined. Yet Croker shows intelligence, and is willing to go considerably out of his way to humor the conscientious voter. If the conscientious Democrat refuses to vote Croker's ticket, he may feel that he has lost a chance to encourage the cause of sound money in his party. If he does vote Croker's ticket, he must realize that he has contributed to make his party all over the State subject to the dictator who already controls it in Greater New York.

If he votes for Roosevelt he certainly does not vote for boss-rule, for no discerning person believes that making Roosevelt Governor will promote the dominion of Platt. But he may reasonably complain that his vote for Roosevelt will be counted as an endorsement of the McKinley administration, of Algerism in the management of the war, and of the extreme policy of expansion in the settlement of problems arising in the Antilles and the Philippines. Truly, the conscientious and independent New York Dem-

ocrats are between the devil and the deep sea. No doubt a good many of them will reason that, as long as the Democratic ticket represents Crokerism far more effectively than it represents anything else, the better part is to vote for Roosevelt, in the expectation, which seems fairly well founded, that when he gets to Albany he will make trouble enough for the Republican machine to offset the mischievousness of his extreme views about our foreign policy. It is well, when there is a disturbance on and one is throwing bombs, to throw them in among the other crowd. A Democratic vote for Roosevelt is a vote for honest government, and at the same time a vote for the disturbance of boss rule in both the Republican and Democratic parties.



IN the fight over the Greater New York Judges, the independent Democrat will find it easy to reach a conclusion about Judge Daly, who is a Democrat rejected of Croker, because he was audacious enough to displease that despotic person in a matter of judicial action, to wit, the choice of a clerk for his court. He declined to appoint the man whom it was convenient for Croker to have on duty in his court, and renomination on the Democratic ticket was refused him. He was then put on the Republican ticket, because he is a just and able Judge, and deserved to be kept on the bench.

As to Mr. Leventritt, one of the Croker nominees, the judgment of the Bar Association, under the stimulus of Mr. Elihu Root's invective, that he is unfit for the Bench, is not quite as conclusive as the Bar Association's findings usually are. Still, Mr. Leventritt is undoubtedly a weak candidate. Mr. Taft, his opponent, is a strong one. May the better man win!



THERE has been very little discussion as to the rights of the dispute between the miners and the coal companies in Virden and Pana, Illinois. The results of the dispute have been so grave as to distract attention from its merits. When the miners struck for higher wages the companies undertook to bring negroes from the nearby States to take the strikers' places. These importations the strikers resented, and prevented by force. Governor Tanner of Illinois refused to send troops to protect the coal companies, and

the mine owners tried to protect themselves. The result was a succession of outbreaks, culminating in the riot at Virden, in which a trainload of imported negroes was attacked, and about fifty men were killed or wounded.

Miners' wages may be too low in Illinois, and the strikers may have just grievances, but in seeking to employ negroes in their mines the mine owners seem to have the law on their side, and in refusing them protection Governor Tanner has followed a course that it will embarrass him to justify. After the fight at Virden he did send soldiers in to keep order, but a dozen dead men and some two score wounded men owe their predicament to his neglect. It is possible that wages should be regulated by law, but, so long as they are not, it is hard to see how business can continue to be done, except on the understanding that employers may hire labor wherever they can find it, and that men who won't work shall make way for men who will.



THE proper attitude for a committee of investigation is one of receptiveness to complaints. The Commission that is investigating the conduct of the war ought, when it examines a witness, to encourage him to make the Commissioners his confidants, and imbue him with a desire to tell all he knows. In this particular the Commission hardly succeeds. The impression one gathers from the record of its proceedings is that witnesses who have stories to tell, feel when they come before it that the Court is hostile to them, and that it behoves them to use the greatest care in imparting information. In the case of Dr. Seaman, who was lately before the Commission, the desire of the Commissioners seemed to be to demonstrate how little the witness knew, rather than to get useful information out of him. In Dr. Seaman's case the Commissioners' efforts met with fair success. So they will in every case where the witness is still an officer of the army and has anything to hope or to fear from the favor or enmity of the War Department. It is possible that, in time, witnesses will turn up who are absolutely independent, and will say their say without any fear of consequences; but they won't be men who hold commissions.



"The low high-roller took his leave."

My Lady of the Veil.

"KITTY," said I, "I had a queer experience to-day."

"Yes?" said Kitty. "You got home to dinner on time."

Now, that was unkind. I splashed my soup upon the immaculate cloth for revenge. Kitty abhors spots on her table linen.

"No," said I, "it wasn't that. In me, promptness approaches tragedy; this was downright comedy."

Kitty raised her eyebrows. She has very expressive eyebrows. No doubt near association with her eyes has taught them a thing or two.

"Something funny happened to me, too," she said.

"I spoke first," I objected, hurriedly.

"Well, gracious goodness! Why don't you tell it, then?"

"Give me time."

"You'd squander it," said Kitty.

There are certain remarks of Kitty's which I ignore.

"It was this way," I began. "You know the quaint French restaurant in

which I take my luncheon? Yes, you do. Old Pierre's, opposite the Post-Office. Well, I took my accustomed seat there to-day, fourth table back, facing the windows, and ordered my modest repast. Old Pierre has a son who has fierce moustaches and waits upon me. He has done so for ages. Each day the son of Pierre says, '*Bon jour, monsieur*', as he places my chair and pokes me in back of my knees with it till they unhinge and deposit me with a jerk in my seat. The son of Pierre then remarks that 'To-day monsieur vili haf une cotelette au naturel et une salade, ees eet not?' And I say that it is. And then Pierre's son runs away with little chicken-steps until he has overcome half the distance to the kitchen, when suddenly he wheels like a wind-dodged kite and chicken-steps hurriedly back. Again before me, he strokes the napkin upon his arm deprecatingly, as if it were to blame for his oversight, and suggests that 'Monsieur vili haf petit pois avec, n'est ce pas?' I

nod, the son of Pierre gives his moustaches a ferocious yank, says '*Certainement!*' and skims away. And it's just as apt to be a softshell crab he returns with as a chop. The son of Pierre has a hideous memory.

"To-day, things were quite the same, and I was idly speculating upon what my chop would turn out to be when the door opened and a woman entered, and took a seat facing me at the table in my row, nearest the window. She wore an exceedingly heavy veil, and that, and the light at her back, combined to render her features absolutely void to me. But she had a remarkably pretty figure, and was well gowned."

"Thank you," said Kitty, making me a little bow.

"Why do you thank me?"

"For so carefully noting the virtues of my sex. I had been led to believe you were sadly deficient in that line towards all other women but myself." Kitty used fine irony.

I laughed a hollow, before-breakfast

laugh. "Where did you get that idea?" I demanded.

"Not so very far away," replied Kitty, hurling a lump of sugar at me, and skillfully landing it in my coffee. That pleased me, because, while a good portion of the berry-brown nectar got in my hair and eyes, and on my shirt front, considerably more spread itself over the tablecloth.

"Thank you," said I, sweetly; "I wanted another lump."

I stirred my coffee a moment, tasted it reflectively, and went on:

"While I was regarding this woman, who looked Frenchy, and trying to recall where I had seen her before, a man, who was French, came in and seated himself at the table directly before me, thereby facing her.

"I recognized him as a certain man-about-town of unsavory repute. He is what might be termed a low high-roller, and it made me sad to see him seat himself there and stare at that poor girl."

"I suppose it did," remarked Kitty; "he must have interfered with your view."

"Dear, don't interrupt so."

"I don't think this is a funny story, anyway." Kitty was beginning to light dangerous fires in those big brown eyes of hers.

"Wait! I'm coming to that. This quaint restaurant of old Pierre's is crowded at noon, and these two late-comers had to wait their turns to give their orders. My Lady of the Veil studied the *menu*, and the low high-roller studied My Lady. I studied them both.

"Presently, things began to develop. My nearest neighbor drew forth a silver card-case and a gold pencil, selected a card, and wrote several words thereon. Then he caught the eye of old Pierre, at about the same time old Pierre's eye caught the glint of a half-dollar, and that aged rascal chicken-footed it over to him, received the card and the coin, put the latter in his pocket, and the former upon the table before My Lady of the Veil. Then he fled.

"The girl glanced from the *menu* to the card, read it, looked up, and *caught my eye!* I knew that, because I was sitting to one side of the old sinner before me, and she turned her head squarely in my direction.

"Then she looked down again—rather

quickly, I thought. Kitty, look out! Don't throw that fork; you'll break the clock!"

Kitty hesitated a moment, and then abandoned the contemplated bombardment.

"Go on, you brute!" she said.

"Thanks! For a wonder, My Lady of the Veil had a pencil in her purse, and she dug it forth, and then she also wrote something upon the card. Then the son of Pierre appearing, with the intention of making his customary announcement of the immediate arrival of

"I glanced at the much-traveled card.

"It was a visiting card, with the wicked low high-roller's name engraved upon it, and above the name was written in a man's hand, 'May I join you at luncheon, mademoiselle?' and beneath, in a woman's hand—which struck me as being disguised—'Certainly, monsieur.'

"I turned the card about, puzzled. Why had it been returned to me?

"Glancing up, I received a nod, and, I have no doubt, a smile from My Lady of the Veil, who was staring directly at me.

"Then I looked at the owner of the card. He was squirming about in his chair like an impatient schoolboy, trying violently, but vainly, to catch his fair neighbor's eye.

"And then the key flashed upon me, and I almost choked with the laugh I had to smother in my throat.

"Evidently My Lady of the Veil had not seen the Frenchman write the card, but, catching my eye when she looked up after reading it, had mistaken me for the sender.

"Now, Kitty, don't forget that you are a lady. I knew you would applaud me for giving that old reprobate a lesson and the girl a bit of good advice, so I promptly arose and stepped to the table by the window, and sat down with my back to the Frenchman, facing My Lady of the Veil. I heard the Frenchman gasp."

Pausing there to consider any remarks Kitty might have to make, I heard her gasp also, and so I hastened on. It is a treat to hear Kitty gasp, ordinarily, because her gasp is very delicious. But now there seemed to be certain ominous forebodings intermingled with its music.

"Pierre's son always brought me sufficient luncheon for two," I continued, hurriedly; "and so, when he eventually came, I divided with My Lady of the Veil. I had hoped that when she began to eat she would remove her spider-web mask, and reveal whether or not her features were in keeping with her voice, which was very sweet. But she only raised the veil to the level of her upper lip. I saw that her mouth and chin were very lovely."

I glanced at Kitty under my lashes. She was trying hard to frown, but, strange to say, a merry smile predominated!



"That aged rascal."

my luncheon if I would only exercise a little patience, she beckoned him to her.

"The son of Pierre arrived with a wonderful bow, and listened attentively to some low French-spoken directions. Then he stealthily pounced upon the card and straightway brought it to me, sneaking it into my hand as if it were a bomb, and almost hissing, 'Pour vous, monsieur!'

"'Are you sure?' I asked, bewildered.

"'Certainly, monsieur!' exclaimed the son of Pierre, with an injured shrug. Then he also fled.



"You're just as true as true!"

"She was really a little beauty!" I exclaimed, with emphasis.

Kitty jangled the ice in her water glass.

"Did you flirt with her, Jack?" she asked.

"Dearest!" I cried. "How could I, with *you* at home! I lunched with that girl because I saw that she was a lady, and I thought it my duty to do all in my power to shield her from both present and future dangers of

the sort she so foolishly plunged herself into. Her conversation, after her momentary embarrassment passed, was that of a lady, and we had a charming tête-à-tête luncheon. She knew no end of the people we know, but she defied my every effort to probe her identity, and when she left she made me promise to remain in my seat five minutes after she had gone. Before we had talked long, the low high-roller took his ungracious

leave, fighting mad, and very evidently saying unparliamentary things under his breath. Then I read mademoiselle a little lecture upon indiscretion in innocent maidenhood, and told her the true history of the card."

"I knew it all the time!" cried Kitty, clapping her hands.

"You! Great Dewey! You—you! How did *you* know?"

Kitty jumped up. "It's a confession!" she laughed, coming and cuddling upon my knee. "Jack—now, don't get angry, you big stupid!—the Lady of the Veil was *I*!"

It was my turn to gasp, and I did so with such success that the candles flickered. Kitty knew the danger of giving me time to get in a word edgewise, and continued precipitately:

"I went there, Jack, just because I wanted to see you when you didn't know that I was watching you; just because I love you, dear. And oh! when that old beast sent his card to me I was almost frightened to death. Of course I saw him write it. I was just going to jump right up and run and get behind my great big husband, when—forgive me, Jack—the idea flashed into my head, like the devil into the belfry, to frustrate the old reprobate and test you at the same time. So I returned the card to you. When you succumbed to temptation and came over I could have killed you—that was my momentary embarrassment. But then"—Kitty pushed herself away from me with both hands upon my chest and looked deep into my eyes—"then, Jack, you punished me so! For my great big darling acted *so* nobly, and didn't try to flirt one bit! And when you told My Lady of the Veil, why you had lunched with her, and lectured her so tactfully; and when you spoke so sweetly and lovingly of me, and held me up as a model to her—oh, Jack, I was just dying to *eat you up* right there before everybody! I was so delighted and proud, and I felt so ashamed of having dared to test you. Oh, you old sweetie!"

And Kitty made serious attempts to kiss me.

"Dearest," said I, reproachfully, "did you go to old Pierre's because you doubted me?"

"Jack!" cried Kitty. "Indeed, no! I went there because I wanted to watch you lunch alone, and because I wanted to be near you."

And I know that was her only reason, no matter what you may think, reader. I guess I know Kitty better than you do, anyhow.

I gave a relieved sigh. "You're a perfect actress, dear," I said.

"I knew you didn't know me." Kitty was radiant. She loves to have people think she

can act. And she can, too. Then she cuddled up closer, and whispered:

"I'll never, never, *never* have a shadow of a doubt about you, Jack. You're just as true as true!"

Now, that hurt me quite poignantly, because it happens that I had recognized my wife the moment she entered the quaint little restaurant of wicked old Pierre.

Clay Arthur Pierce.

Kleptomania.

"**T**IS passing strange"—thus mused the shade
Of Father Knickerbocker—
"That, ere my poor remains were laid
Away in Time's last locker,
To steal was looked upon as crime.
To-day, men seem far brainier;
And theft, a sin in ancient time,
Is now yelept a mania!" *Graham Dewey.*

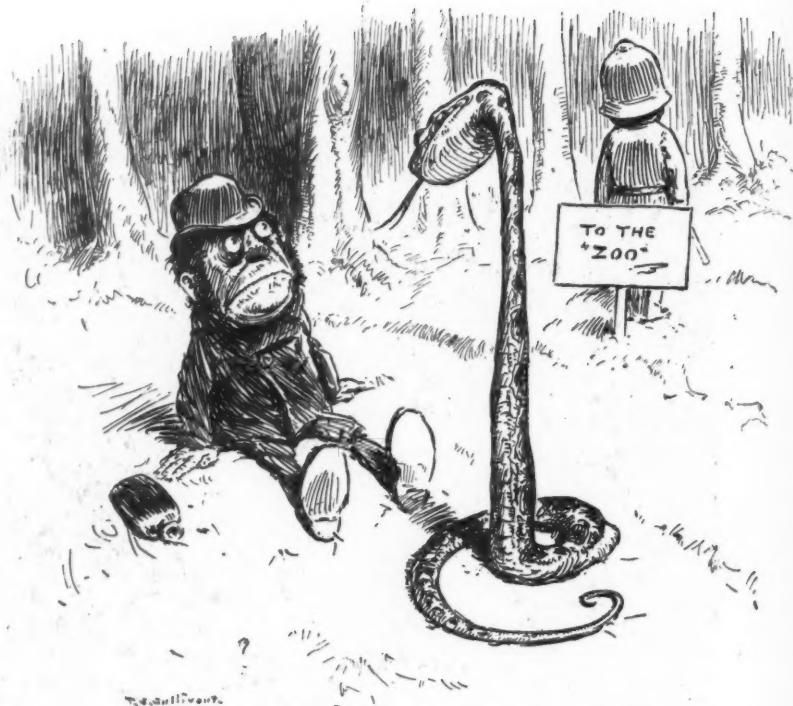


Eve (insinuatingly): HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN, ADAM, THAT THIS IS MY BIRTHDAY?
"INDEED, I HAVEN'T! MY RIBS ACHÉ YET!"

His Reasons.

PATRIOT (*to colored regular*): But I should think you would be glad to march up the avenue, with the people cheering, and lots of flags and music.

"Oh, dat's all right; but yo' see, de white folks dey come fust, an' de flags wave an' de people cheer, an' de ban' play de 'Star Spangle Banner.' An' den, 'way back at de end ob de perceussion comes us colored folks. An' de flags doan' wave much, an' de people's got hoarse, an' de only ban' in de outfit plays 'All Coons Look Alike to Me.'"



A Trump.

SHE said I was the king of men,
And, from the easy grace
With which she took me in, I guess
She must have been the ace.

Rubbing It In.

FOND PARENT: What is the matter, Bobby? You don't generally keep on crying after your father has given you a beating.

BOBBY: I know it. But he says I've got to sit down and think it over. Before, I've always stood up and forgotten it.

Woe Unto Israel!

As to the manager, he is necessarily a shopkeeper. We have no right to demand that he should be anything but a business man. The trouble is that he is a very bad business man. He usually comes from the riff-raff of the populace. He cannot tell good from bad. He cannot interpret in advance the inarticulate desires of the public.—*Mr. Israel Zangwill's Lecture on "The Drama."*

Mr. Zangwill evidently has no race prejudice. At the same time, it would be well for his physical welfare not to come into contact with any of his co-religionists of the Theatrical Trust. Those gentlemen have been known to resort to violence when too honestly criticised.

He Knew.

TEACHER: What is the other name given to jams?

TOMMY TRADDLES: Jim.

"**A**RE the natives of the island Christianized?" asked the sombre lady.

"They would be," sighed the escaped missionary, "if their diet had had any effect."



OCTOBER 31.



A Brahmin Turns the Tables on Mr. Kidd.

If a learned Brahmin could be found to review Benjamin Kidd's "The Control of the Tropics" (Macmillan), the result would undoubtedly be a most amusing production. The humor of the situation ought to upset the dignity even of a Brahmin. He could easily apprehend the policy of taking everything in sight because you want it and happen to be stronger. That is the law of the survival of the fittest as the Brahmin comprehended it ages ago. But to take everything in sight and call it "holding the tropics as a trust for civilization" ought to excite mirth in the Orient.

It is a great thing, when you have doubts away down in your boots about the inherent justice of a course of action, to be able to back it up with some law of nature. Mr. Kidd has hit upon "social evolution" as a phrase covering all those irresistible tendencies which seem to come from the initiative of no individual, but from society. It is difficult to see that what Mr. Kidd really means by his highly moral phrases is essentially different from the old cynical aphorisms "Might makes right" or "Whatever is, is right."

* * *

Suppose that the humorous Brahmin who reviews Mr. Kidd's book should be moved by its enticing sophistry to stir up his own people to apply its fine principles? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. The Brahmin might be inspired to discourse as follows:

"Dearly Beloved Brethren! A famous English pundit named Kidd has discovered a great law of the universe, and I am invited to call upon you to try a practical application of it. The world is rapidly growing very small and over-populated. We people of the tropics send millions of rupees of products to England. These things we raise very cheap and sell very cheap. I'm told that over there in England they sell these things at a great profit, and certain of their wise men are enabled to live luxuriously upon this profit. Would it not be better for the half-starved millions of India if we could keep this extra profit for ourselves? We are strong in numbers; let us invade the country of the Englishman and seize it, and force the people to do things our way, and pay us our own price for the products of our soil and industry which they need. Thus shall we prosper abundantly at home. The astute pundit Kidd proves that this is the right course of action. For by seizing England and governing it according to our own ideas,

we shall be able to raise the standard of living here at home. The world is growing so small that there isn't enough to go 'round, and we must get all that we can while yet there is a chance. This is the great law of social evolution. It is not robbery or aggression or national bullying—it is simply seizing a weaker nation and holding it 'as a trust for civilization.' The tropics where we live are, as Mr. Kidd well says, the hope of the world for material things. Eventually we must feed and clothe most of their surplus population. If that is the case, do not we, brethren, hold the trumps? And if we are strong enough we certainly ought to play them for our own good. Mr. Kidd thinks that England and the United States can play them better for us. But we know a thing or two. We have watched our English brethren play the game out here in India, and we have learned a few things that are not printed in this lovely essay by the facile pundit. Blessed are the strong, for they shall inherit the Earth!"

Droch.

Discovered.

A DRAMA IN ONE ROOM.

CHARACTERS:

THE WIFE.

SOMEBODY ELSE.

THE WIFE'S HUSBAND.

SCENE: Private dining-room.

TIME: Not a moment too soon.
(Knock on the door. Enter husband.)

THE WIFE (*discovered*): U?

THE HUSBAND (*dramatically*): I!

THE WIFE (*dismayed*): O!

CURTAIN.

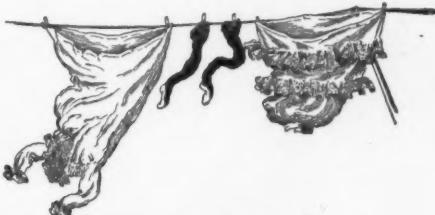
The Missing Links.

THE Doctor, despite his eccentricities, was always droll and amusing, particularly so during his frequent fits of abstraction.

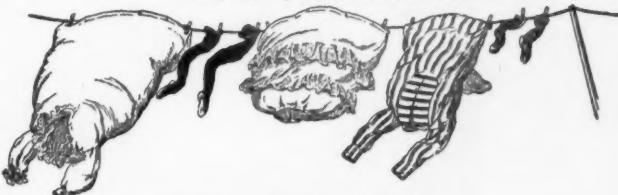
We crossed the ocean with him once, years ago, on the *Java*, when he professed to be, and was, very anxious about his stateroom companion. At dinner the first afternoon, as we sailed down the Mersey, he informed us that the man of the upper berth looked like a burglar. At breakfast the next morning he assured us that the burglar had been at work. The Doctor's malachite sleeve-buttons had been taken, and with the links had disappeared the cuffs that contained them. The Doctor had determined to say nothing about it, as yet. He would await further events. At luncheon he introduced us to the bur-

Cynthia's Clothes.

I GLANCED across the paling
As I dawdled down the way,
And there I saw them trailing
In such sweet, disordered play;
About them, quite unsatad,
Wanton zephyrs came to blows;
The very pins I hated,
'Cause they pinched my Cynthia's clothes.



I glanced across the paling
On a somewhat distant day;
I saw the wash go sailing
In a queer, inflated way;
For time a year had netted—
Right along that self-same line
A wicked breeze coqueted
With dear Cynthia's clothes and mine.



Once more I passed the paling—
Ah! the line had sagged away;
'Twas hung from post to railing
With a very quaint array;
For Time keeps ever busy
As he fills the empty bowers,
And so the wind grew dizzy
With dear Cynthia's clothes and ours.



glar, who proved to be a Colonial Bishop on his way to the British West Indies, and he told us that the whole matter was satisfactorily explained. It was the Bishop who explained the matter to us later.

It seems that the Doctor was the first to get up. And he put on the burglar's shirt!

Laurence Hutton.



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THE EDUCATION

VIII.

WHILE IN PARIS MR. PIPP, JUST AFTER DINNER,
CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE. IT

LIFE.



EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.
VIII.

AFTER DINNER, STEPS OUT FOR A FEW MOMENTS WITH A
QUAINTANCE. IT IS NOW 2.30 A. M.



COOL times are pervading this blessed country of ours, and theatricals of every kind, nature and description flourish under the benign rays of general prosperity. Even the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies, doing one-night stands on the Northern Texas and Oklahoma circuits, report standing room only. Here in New York the theatres are nightly crowded with audiences remarkable even at this time of year, when the theatrical business is ordinarily at its best. It may be truly said also that New York is enjoying a list of attractions of unusual merit in their respective lines. One need not lack for an evening's amusement when one may choose among such performances as Mansfield's "Cyrano," "The Runaway Girl," Jefferson's "Rivals," "The Fortune Teller," "Aida" (well produced), and Mr. Hall Caine's dramatic sermon, "The Christian."

VHOEVER despairs of the future of the drama in America should attend one of the performances of "The Rivals" as presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre by Mr. Joseph Jefferson and an able company. Of course "The Rivals," both as Sheridan wrote it and in the version Mr. Jefferson has presented for so many years, is familiar to the ordinary run of theatre-goers. But first-nighters, and that part of the public which patronizes only the theatres and plays which happen to be the vogue of the moment, would be surprised to see not only the number but the class of people who flock to witness what to many has become an old story.

In France, Mr. Jefferson's present patrons would probably be called *bourgeois*. Here, they are apparently the people who are in the early stages of theatrical education, and those others who will not go to see plays unless they are standard and backed up by the name of a respectable actor. They are not habitual theatre-goers, but they furnish audiences before whom it must be a delight for an actor to appear, so keen is their enjoyment and so honest their applause. Theirs may not be the highest intellect, but their support, once gained, is a fortune for actor or manager. As the country grows in culture, this intelligent public, which will not brook the tawdry or sensational, is bound to become of more and more importance in matters of the stage, and catering to it will certainly not lower the standard of our theatres.

FOR two acts the polite farce, "Off and On," at the Madison Square Theatre, is much like many other farces which have lasted their little while in New York and then died natural deaths.



PUZZLE.
FIND THE CHRISTIAN.



"THE ORDER OF THE BATH."

All the humor in the world of the mother-in-law school is dredged to its depths, and without producing much else than a sense of weariness. The last act, however, which is composed of a most ingenious series of scenes, intended to make the principal character believe that he is insane, is very funny, and sends the audience away feeling almost repaid for having endured the earlier part of the performance.

With the exception of an occasional "gag" allotted to Mr. E. M. Holland and Mr. Fritz Williams—the two characters who are mixed up, after the usual manner of French farces—the piece is almost a literal translation from the French of Bisson. "On and Off" is amusing to a mild degree, but it is not worth two dollars and fifty cents to witness.

IN the death of Edward J. Henley the stage has lost one of the few actors of our time who learned his art in the school of tradition, and loved it for its own sake.

Metcalf.



A MAN AND HIS FRIENDS.

• LIFE •

In Boston.

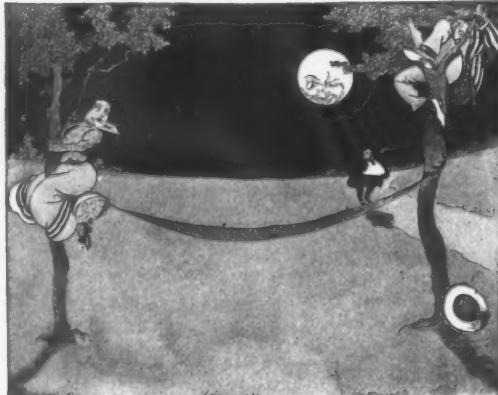
HE had resolved no speech of his
With slang should be encrusted,
But it seems to me
More blameworthy
To say "I'm bursted" than "I'm busted."



"IN THIS TREE I SHALL PLACE THE LETTER TELLING
GISELINDE OF MY LOVE,



AND FROM THIS RETREAT I WILL WATCH. AH!
SHE APPROACHES."



"GOODNESS! HERE COMES FATHER!"

Fame and The Recording Angel.



a rapt expression, writing on a scroll.

Enter THE RECORDING ANGEL.

RECORDING ANGEL: Hello, Fame! What are you doing here?

FAME (solemnly): I write the names of dead Heroes on my Immortal Scroll.

R. A. (satirically): Immortal?

F. (laughing): Immortal.

R. A.: The scroll may be immortal, but you don't always write with indelible ink. You're crossing out names continually. Just look at those serum fakes, for instance; their names are generally "immortal" for six months, and after that—mud! Your list amuses me, I must say. (Looks over her shoulder at scroll.) What have we here? J-o-n-e-s, Jones. How did he acquire immortality?

F. (with deep feeling): He died for his Country.

R. A.: That's news! Died for his Ambition, if you like. A political boom he was after, my dear Fame; no country about it. Cross it out.

F. (pouting): No, I won't.

R. A. (reads): Smith. Surely not Smith!

F.: Why not? (Tragically, pointing with a small, ink-smudged hand.) Yonder he lies, shot through the heart (tearfully) to save his country.

R. A.: Fiddlesticks! He went because he was afraid of being called a coward. An inoffensive fellow was Smith, but he couldn't bear to be laughed at. Generally went with the crowd. Wait, I have his very words here—just what he said when he found he had to go to "save his country." (Consults notebook.) "H-hm! ah, yes—well, perhaps they wouldn't make good reading for a lady. (Shuts book, looks at scroll again; reads.) Brown. Do you usually scroll the suicides?

F.: What can you mean? (Waxing elocutionary.) He was killed at the front! of the Line!! with his Country's Flag !!! in his Hand!!!!

R. A. (hastily): Yes, yes; I know. Very sad case, indeed! Girl went back on him, poor chap! Broken heart, and so forth! War came in handy for him,

otherwise he'd have figured in the papers as "Singularly Sad Society Suicide," and his ghost by this time would have been interviewed by the New York Journal, to find out How he did it; How it felt to be a suicide; Where they first met—He and She; Why she jilted him; How he felt when it first dawned on him; if she sent his presents back, and other items of deep importance to the public minders of private business, as well as—

F. (coldly): You are interrupting me. (Walks away, stopping occasionally to look at a dead soldier or inscribe a name.)

R. A. (follows suit, finishing accounts for transfer to his judgment book. Stops to turn a dead soldier over. Erases an entry in book; preens his wing feathers, and starts after FAME): Here's a name for you to— Oh, I say, you're not putting Judd's down as a hero?

F. (frowning): Why not?

R. A. (briefly): He wasn't one.

F. (in a deep voice): Explain, then, the manner of his death. (Goes on dreamily, as if quoting from a monument.) Fearless—he courted death. Relentless—he mowed down his Country's enemies like hail—

R. A. (interrupting): Columbia! You're mixing things. Do they mow hail in your country? But, seriously, you mustn't make a note of Judd.

F. (crescendo): I will! I will!! I will!!! (R. A. takes out notebook and waits a moment, prepared to write.)

R. A. (after a pause): This man cared nothing for his country. He loved sport. Game he had hunted all his life. Man-hunting was a novelty, not allowed unless Congress is at war with another country. Splendid opportunity! S'pose he'd been gored by a stag he was hunting, would you have scrolled him? Same here. "Died hunting."

F. (ruffling her wings with vexation): How aggravating you are! You have no discrimination. You don't know what a hero is.

Carol Schetky Turvey.



LKALI PETE: What'd they lynch that man fer, down to Bloody Run?

TANGLE TOM:
Why, didn't you hear?

No — cattle stealing?"

"Nope."

"Murder?"

"Nope."

"Refusin' t' drink?"

"Naw! Endless chain sharp."



EVERY time
we make a
failure we have a
lower opinion of the
world.



INCONSOLABLE.

"I'LL TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JANE. I WAS GLAD TO HEAR OF HIS ENGAGEMENT, AND YET I DO BELIEVE IT HELPED TO MAKE ME ILL. IT IS SAD TO LOSE A LOVER WHO IS NICE, EVEN WHEN YOU DON'T WANT HIM FOR YOUR OWN; AND WHEN ANOTHER GIRL FINDS HIM, THAT DOESN'T MATTERALLY HELP THE CASE. IF CHARLES HAD REALLY CARED TO SAVE MY FEELINGS, HE WOULD HAVE GONE AND GOT KILLED IN THE WAR. THEN, YOU SEE, I COULD HAVE MOURED FOR HIM A LITTLE, AND PUT FLOWERS ON HIS GRAVE SOMETIMES. BUT WHAT COMFORT CAN ONE HAVE OUT OF A LOVER WHO HAS MARRIED ANOTHER GIRL! YOU CAN SEE, JANE, HOW SAD IT HAS BEEN FOR ME. I WONDER I HAVEN'T BEEN SICKER. WHAT HATS ARE THEY WEARING THIS FALL, JANE?"

Self-made.

I SAACS: You haf no family pride at all, haf you?

COHEN: Vot for should I? Not vun of my ancestors had any money.

O MAHA: You Eastern people are so unneighborly! My aunt lived seven years in New York, and when she died they had to get in district messenger boys for pallbearers.

As to Microbes.

O H! who in all this world would miss A long-drawn-out, ecstatic kiss? E'en though there's death in osculation, The practice meets with approbation; And folks seem quite convinced of this— There's naught of danger in a kiss.

Though skeptics say disease is found Where'er salutes like these abound, Their verdict on this tender theme Is not in favor, so 'twould seem; For though the consequence is dire, Of kissing, folks don't seem to tire.

Did Reginald but realize That Dorothy—light of his eyes— Would slay him with her next fond kiss, I'm sure he'd take the poisoned bliss, And die content, that her sweet breath Had sent him to an early death.

Did Dorothy most surely know That Reggy's next would lay her low, I'm blest if I don't think she'd say: "Just go ahead, dear, while you may; I'd give my life in such a cause, Defying Nature and her laws."

And so 'tis plain that, everywhere, The opinion 'mongst the brave and fair But goes to show, the skeptic's plaint Is nothing but a flimsy feint; And microbes now are thought to be A general necessity. *Ada M. Fitts.*

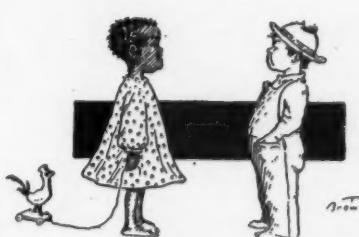
A Foozled Compliment.

S HE: Oh, dear me! I really will have to stop talking entirely. I can't open my mouth without putting my foot in it.

HE: Surely that don't prevent your talking!

S HE: The Bishop's daughter is shockingly disrespectful.

HE: Yes; she calls him the "Old Man of the See"!



"SAY, HOW DOES YER MUDDER KNOW W'EN YER DON'T WASH YEE FACE?"

LIFE



THE Chinese steward who was on the battleship *Oregon* on her famous trip from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and also in the engagement with Cervera's fleet, off Santiago, arrived overland at Mare Island Navy Yard lately, and gives the following account of the transaction, which in a few words explains it all:

"Battleship *Oregon* all litte, heap am good ship hall of fe long lun lound Horn. Stoppee at evely dam place; ship steam alle time, steam through straits, bime-by get lound othee side, heap long lun; plenty soon get up coast, just time fight Splaniards; shootee some, downen some. Splaniss ship lun away, bime-by catch 'em, shoot 'em dam good. *Oregon* he alleight.

"Cappo Clarkee know him blisness; gheat man, ship clew heap likee him; bime-by Splaniard alle dead, 'cept some no killed. Splaniard he no good, get diunkee, no can fight; he no get pay he no can fight. Melican glovement all litte; heap good big pay, so men fight likee hell. Nobody get fiaide, everybody full fun almost alle time big gun bang, hit Splanish shipee, evely time likee debil, then lun him giound and hit again, an' bang, bang, *Oregon* hit again, an' all go down dead. Melican men all velly good, hit 'em every time. Me Melican, too, an' alle same me fight likee hell. Melican man no fiaide, me no fiaide."—*Exchange*.

THE officers and men of Dewey's fleet were serenely unconscious of the stir in the world caused by their achievement on May 1st, until the *Charleston* arrived and informed them they were famous. Then every man jack of them became the fiercest kind of a fire-eater.

This is the way the *Charleston* officer put it:

"These people out here never imagined they were heroes until we brought the news to them. Now they want to swat everything in or out of sight."—*San Francisco News-Letter*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

Pears

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

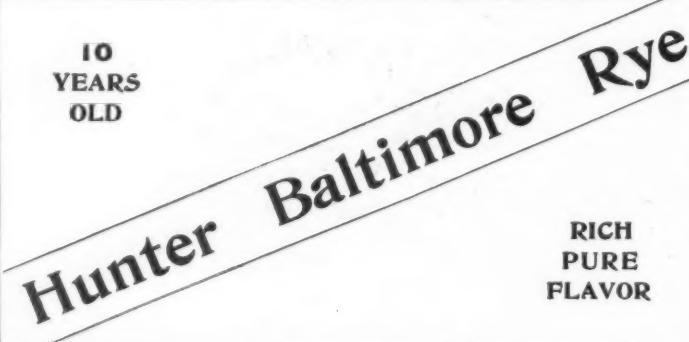
To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears' the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists, all sorts of people use it.

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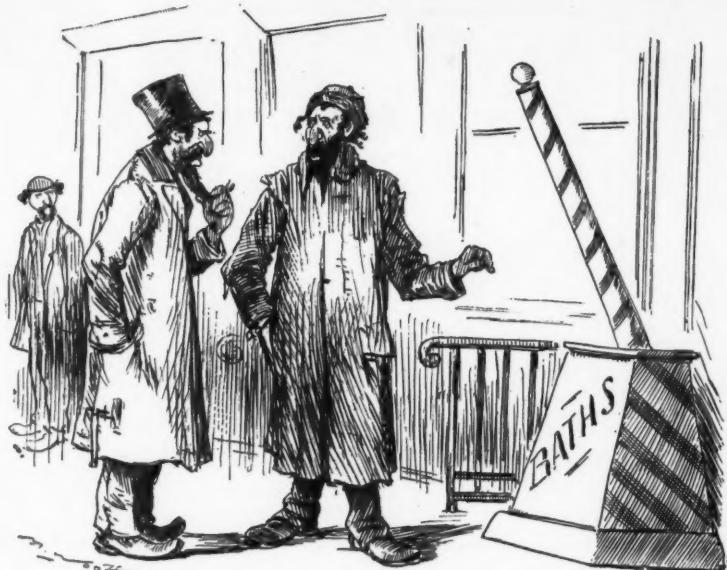
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(The conversation is translated for the benefit of our readers.)

"VAT IS A BATH, IZZY?"
"I DON'T KNOW. I'VE PUZZLED OFER IT A GOOT MANY TIMES. I'VE ASK'T TE POYS UNT
DEY DON'T KNOW NEIDER."

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The tour will leave New York 8.20 A. M., and Philadelphia 12.20 P. M., Tuesday, November 1, in charge of one of the company's tourist agents, and will cover a period of five days. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the trip throughout. Round-trip tickets, covering all necessary expenses during the entire time absent, will be sold at the *extremely low rate* of \$25 from New York, \$24 from Trenton, \$22 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

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November Number

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EASTWARD EXPANSION OF THE UNITED STATES.

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SOME RECENT EXPLORATIONS. By J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D., Sec. R. G. S.
SHORT STORIES, POEMS, ETC.

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On account of the heavy Autumn travel between New York and Atlantic City, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will continue its through express train during the Fall and Winter seasons. It has always been customary heretofore to withdraw this train about the first of October, but the travel has continued so heavy this year that for the first time it has been found necessary to keep it in service throughout the Fall and Winter months. This train leaves West Twenty-third Street Station at 2:30 P. M. (Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets 2:30 P. M.) weekdays. It is a vestibuled train composed of Pullman buffet parlor cars and Pennsylvania Railroad standard coaches.

Atlantic City was never so attractive at this season. The weather is superb. Outdoor exercise, which has always been a feature of Fall and Winter life, has received a new impetus from the splendid golf links of the new Country Club. The links rank very high and are attracting a great deal of attention among Eastern players.

All the large beach front hotels will remain open through the Winter.